



MP's and Ord. Gain Top Berth In Bowling

As we go to press, the "Casuals" and Medics are chucking it out, so the standings to date do not include them. Here are the results of last week's competition.

Aggregate			
	Average	Won	Lost
MP	765	3	0
Ord	740	3	0
C	658	2	1
M	639	1	2
Serv.	655	0	3
Band	663	0	3

Unfortunately league bowling will have to be temporarily discontinued, so in the interim, sharpen your sights for future encounters. When we resume, present standings will remain and the tournament picked up from there. At that time we'll explain the system of handicaps.

— LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS —

Red Cross Helps ..

Of interest to EM's at Anza is the following resume of Red Cross services offered on this post: The main office is located in the first building of the hospital group, phone Ext. 218, and an office for hospital patients is located in the hospital recreation building. Trained workers are available for consultation on personal, family, legal and financial problems during the day. The offices are open until nine o'clock at night and 24 hour coverage is offered for emergencies. Come in and talk over your problem.

Two notaries are available for notarization of any legal paper.

A wrapping service for shipping packages is offered in the main office.

Ladies of the Riverside Red Cross make minor clothing repairs and sew on insignias. Clothing left at the main office in the afternoon is returned the following afternoon.

The Red Cross will appreciate boxes of all sizes and shapes. Leave them at the main office or call Ext. 218 and they will be picked up.

9th Ser. Command High on Bond List

Uncle Sam was lent \$8,410,005.38 in cash during the Third War Loan Drive by military and civilian personnel of the War Dept. in the Ninth Service Command. Military personnel purchased \$5,488,728.68 worth of bonds, civilian employees \$2,921,276.70.

These cash purchases were in addition to \$5,799,134.23 worth of bonds at cost prices purchased through the payroll allotment plan, bringing the total during the drive to \$14,209,139.61.

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Anza's Own Show Begins Rehearsal

Our own original camp show, a musical comedy tentatively titled "Anything Can Happen at Anza," goes into rehearsal Wednesday at the Red Cross building. Incidentally, it's planned to have girls who are employed on the post participate. Watch for further announcements.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

ASTC Scores Again With Outdoor Show

Maintaining their consistent run of entertaining shows, the ASTC scored another hit with the show presented at its Outdoor Theatre, October 22.

Starred was Ben Blue, famous comedian and dancer of stage and screen, who brought the house down with his antics and dancing. Assisting him was the entire revue of "Slapsie" Maxie Rosenblum's new Hollywood Cafe: Marie Austin, whose swell style of singing is much like Ella Logan's; Sid Tomack, clowning all over the place;

(Cont. on Page 3)

— BUY WAR BONDS —

New Commander of Ninth Service Command Visits Post

Major General McCouch, who has relieved Major General Joyce as commander of the Ninth Service Command, General Joyce having left for overseas duty, visited Anza and the ASTC Thursday. Col. Sarles conducted General McCouch on a tour of inspection.

Stage Shows More Often Under New Plan

Any Quiz Kids In the House?

Come on down to the Service Club tonight and get in on the laughs and excitement. Besides a quiz contest there'll be "Truth & Consequences" and "Double or Nothing." And . . . every correct answer brings a prize.

New Library Books Include . . .

Smith, Betty: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." (Two days reading time.) Filled with life and people, this is a story of two kids growing up in Brooklyn, before and during World War I. It is full of pathos, compassion and laughter. MGM will make it into a movie.

Marquand, J. P.: "So Little Time." (Reading time, 3 days.) "So Little Time" is brilliant satire, sparkling humor. It is set in Bragg, Mass., New York, Washington, Connecticut and Hollywood. Story of Jeffry Wilson and his son Jim after Dunkirk and Pearl Harbor. A timely novel.

Idell, A. E.: "Centennial Summer." (Reading time, 2 days.) An entertaining story, and not a war book. The kind of a novel you wish would not end as the characters are so much fun, especially Father and Mother Rogers. An intimate picture of a family against the background of Philadelphia in the Centennial year, 1876.

— ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS —

Officers Leaving for School

Capt. Bell, Capt. Hicks, Lt. Blaney, and Lt. Carpenter, will be missing from the scene for the next 7 weeks or so. All are going to attend the Officers Transportation School at Camp Stoneman.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Hop down to the Service Club these nights. There's always a good show going on.

In line with a proposal that increased entertainment be provided G.I. Joe, an excellent plan is already underway whereby men in Army camps in this vicinity will be treated to additional stage entertainment. Every five weeks under the direction of T/5's Arnez and Richards of ASTC a new show will be produced, the cast of which will include talent from Camps Anza and Haan, March Field, and the ASTC. Each presentation will feature as its star a Hollywood actress around whom the otherwise all G.I. show will be built. Performances will be given at each of the Army posts mentioned above, and other nearby military bases.

For the first show music will be provided by Camp Haan's Dance Band, and succeeding shows will feature bands from the other camps. The first unit will be ready in a week or ten days so read Zip next week and we'll give you the schedule of performances, and announce the name of the movie star to appear.

These shows promise to be as good as any ever presented here, so watch for them. We know you'll enjoy them.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Free Courses for Anza Personnel

The California Institute of Technology is planning to give a course in Industrial Relations for Supervisory Personnel, under the auspices of the Riverside Adult Evening High School. It is open to both civilian and military personnel and is tuition free.

Emphasis will be placed on skills, techniques, and procedures which will enable both military and civilian personnel to become better equipped to handle administrative jobs. It is especially recommended for persons holding CAF-3 or better positions in the graded series, and all foremen and supervisors among hourly wage employees.

Persons interested should notify Mrs. Bergin at Ext. 159, immediately.



Special Service Officer
1ST Lt. A. W. MINARD

Editor
PVT. ELI BELL

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"G.I. Joe" Would Like to Know . . .

(This column will be devoted weekly for the purpose of learning opinions, getting reactions, etc., on pertinent subjects, and general questions that will be of interest to the G.I. at Anza. Any question you'd care to submit will be used, if timely, with credit given the person submitting it. Ed.)

This week's question: "WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WHEN YOU LEAVE THE ARMY?"

T/5 Ray Kastern, Casual Det.: "Go back home to Superior, Wisconsin, and my former occupation of rigging . . . and drinking."

Sgt. William A. Logan: "You've got me. Frankly, I'd stopped thinking about it. One thing I'm pretty certain of though, I'd like to return to college. Then again, I may decide to remain in the Army."

Pvt. Arthur Todd, Special Service Office: "With my wife expect to continue our careers in show business. We hope to pick up where we left off in radio and pictures."

T/4 Jack Essington, Finance Dept.: "Marry some rich dame, retire, and live in ease for the rest of my life."

T/5 Robert Benson, Inspector General Office: "I'm going into tax work for I believe there will be tremendous tax problems for many years after the conclusion of the war. My office will be in my home in Albany, N. Y. Around 10:30 a.m. will begin the day's work. Will turn to my wife, who is an efficient secretary, and say, 'Honey, when you're through with the dishes come here and take a letter,' etc."

S/Sgt. Clovis L. Walker, Dispensary "B": "First thing I'll do is take a three month's vacation to recuperate. When I return intend to open a tavern, or maybe an automobile business in San Francisco."

T/4 George Mugrage, Band: "I'm going home. Will build a little greenhouse, and otherwise, will just park myself and watch my boy go to school. For diversion I intend playing in the home town band (Abilene, Kansas), and be a scoutmaster."

Pfc. Edward Winslow, Chief Projectionist of Theater: "Go back to my old racket of theatre managing and projection work. Working at Anza is okay but 'brother' give me Hollywood anytime."

Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Guff About the Guys in the Next Tent

* * *

TC WAS IT JUST a coincidence that the band on Tuesday's hospital program played "Whistler and His Dog" and encored it with "Trees"? . . . The gang at Commandant Headquarters have been discussing the possibility of getting a seeing eye dog for T/4 Gene Rawding. Poor Gene broke his specs and until he can get them replaced one of those dogs would be a big help. . . . Congratulations to Pvt. Luther (Arm) Pitts on his being accepted as a future pilot in the Air Corps. From chairborne to airborne, or something. . . . The poor barracks leaders are trying to get their boys to wipe off their shoes properly before entering the barracks, as otherwise it ties 'em down an extra night or so to see that barracks are properly mopped and cleaned. . . . Corpulent and amiable T/5 Morris Glockner is "expecting" any day now. O, the trials and tribulations that these prospective fathers have to go through. . . . Worry Sgt. Earl Forbes is at it again. His latest worry is due to the fact that his newly arrived little worry seems to be a hindrance in his finding a new nest for his little brood. . . . The boys in the band are wondering what has come over Pvt. Arthur Hulett, who was found sitting by his completely made bed one morning recently, ten minutes before the lights were turned on. What are you bucking for, Art? . . . A picture of contentment is S/Sgt. Roy Denney as he collects two bits from each of those married boys at the mess hall door. The worm has turned!

—by Cpl. Roland Bozzi

* * *

Medics

THIS WEEK:

There's nothing new but Halloween
And a baseball game betwixt—
The officers, and catcher Quinn
And the mice in barracks six.

Soft cries to be famous

And rubs the famous arm

But knows that but a single loss

Will send him to a farm.

Profita is taking

The long and final mile;

And Bono at a back door

Bums a sandwich with a smile.

Walker sleeps in Arlington

And Ryan's in the red,

And Barr, of course, in the mornings cold

Eats his breakfast in his bed.

Group 2 is out and 1 is in,

The board tells who is free,

But the only group that stays in camp

Is a group called number Three.

THIS YEAR:

There's nothing new but Halloween

When ghosts and men run wild;

A witch rides in a Messerschmitt

And a gas mask scares a child.

—by S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

* * *

MPs

BACK AGAIN after a two week's furlough and a week's recuperation. That train ride is worse than basic training a la Anza. Many thanks to Fraina and Daly for their able handling of the news in my absence. With the holiday season not too far off a column of it is in order. Thanksgiving, a day originating when the Indians and the Puritans decided to bury the hatchet—in a turkey—without benefit of red stamps, first celebrated in New England, now practically a national holiday. What have we of the MP's to be thankful for? Well—Tony Ruggerio should be thankful that Rose didn't get copies of the last two editions of the Zip—nice pals you have Tony. Mike Fraina should be thankful that he got the six bucks in repayment for the present his mother sent to him in care of Fezza, Kendrick and myself which we appropriated when unable to make a purchase while coming through the desert. We three in turn should be thankful his mother gave it to us. Many of the men have the fact that Dispensary B is under the command of such an understanding and humane Captain to be thankful for. Sgt. Brittain—only seven miles from home—ain't that good? Bellante, I know, is grateful for not having any more assistants like Brunner and Ver-

(Cont. on Page 3)

Medicine Helps Defeat Axis

Ever since wars began, disease and infection have presented stupendous problems to armies. Almost all wars have produced higher mortality rates from disease than from wounds. In the Crimean War there were 192 deaths from disease to every 50 from wounds. In our own Civil War the proportion was almost 2 to 1. Even World War I deaths from disease surpassed those from wounds in battle.

Today the story is different. Modern medicine is winning its ageless fight on disease.

One reason for the change is sulfa drugs. "Thanks to sulfa drugs," says Brig. Gen. Paul H. Hawley, chief surgeon for the Army in the European theater, "the man with pneumonia is back on duty within 10 days. It used to take him six weeks to recover."

Another reason is penicillin, the new "wonder drug." Penicillin, an extract from a green mold, does things that even the sulfa drugs can not do. It was tried recently on some wounded soldiers who had arrived from the Pacific area. Almost immediately their wounds began to improve.

The Army now has a vaccine which gives 100 per cent protection against yellow fever. Typhus, still an ever-present threat in foreign lands, is brought under control by medical science. Typhoid has been routed by immunization. A new drug which will alleviate epilepsy has just been discovered.

Modern medicine has given the American soldier a better chance for health than any other soldier has ever had before.

—by CNS

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Italy—Pvt. Audrey Stamey of Rome, Ga., had the experience of being nipped by his own artillery fire—and then freed by that of the enemy.

It happened when Stamey was trapped between his lines and the Germans near Altaville. A big American gun let go with a blast and Stamey dived into a slit trench already occupied by six Germans.

As soon as the firing stopped the Germans left the trench and took Stamey with them. Then the Nazi guns opened up. The Germans scattered and Stamey found himself alone again. He hid in a ditch and then worked his way back to his own lines.

—by CNS

—LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS—

Coeur D'Alene, Ida.—Two stubborn motorists met headon on a narrow country road. Neither would back up to give the other the right of way. So they sat there and glared at each other for 12 hours. Finally the sheriff was called to pry them apart.

Chaplain's Corner . . .

By Chaplain Jasper C. Havens

BEYOND YOU!

On the top of a hill overlooking the Malta harbor stood General Eisenhower watching in the light of a full moon the ships lift anchor and sail out into the mist, and the airplanes lift into the starlit sky as they had planned. Suddenly in rigid military carriage and attention he lifted his hand reverently to a formal salute, and as his hand dropped to his side, he bowed his head in a short silent prayer, and then said to his staff by his side, "There comes a time when you have done all that you can do; when you have used your brains, your training, your technical skill, and the die is cast, and events are in the hands of God—and there you have to put them."

"Commit thy way unto Jehovah. Trust also in Him, and he will bring it to pass."—Psalms 37:5.

—ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS—

Stop Me If You've Heard It . . .

Babe Ruth had one great superstition. He wouldn't play a game unless he first gave himself a treatment with some pet eye lotion he always kept in his locker. One day Tony Lazzeri swiped the bottle, dumped the stuff down the drain and refilled the jug with plain water.

The Babe came in a few minutes later and doused his eyes. Lazzeri was watching him.

"Is that stuff any good?" said Lazzeri.

"It's great," said the Babe.

Lazzeri took the bottle, poured some of the stuff in his palm and tasted it. Ruth looked at him goggle-eyed.

"Are you crazy?" he yelled. "You'll poison yourself."

But Tony said it didn't taste bad at all and to prove it he tilted the bottle up to his lips and drained the whole jug. The Babe almost dropped dead. He never did find out that Tony was drinking plain water.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Sparkplug of the Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Air Station grid team this fall is a Marine paratrooper once given up for dead on a South Pacific battlefield. He is Pfc. John Dudenake who was struck by an explosive shell and injured so badly that a passing captain thought he was dead. Later he was picked up and taken to a South Pacific hospital where he recovered, was shipped home and stationed at Lakehurst.

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

rochi. Pvt. Baker's happy reunion with his lovely wife gives cause for thanks. Capt. Butler and Lts. Allen and Dywer can rejoice in that we are finally showing promise of improvement. We all can be grateful for being allowed to play even an infinitesimal part in the successful prosecution of the war.

—by Cpl. Bernard Mitchell

* * *

Officers EXTRACTING the news hereabouts: To start with a poor pun—let's look at the dentists. They're all here now, Lt. Roberts, "glad to be back"—or didn't I quote you right Lt? Your correspondent hasn't as yet interviewed Lt. Oshann, the other half of the bridal couple, for a little clarification on the problem of how to address newly married female officers? Will it still be Lt. Oshann, Lt. Oshann? Back from the "Lone Star State" where they are ready to fight another war over gas rationing, is Capt. Bryarly. And to you mothers with "bawling infants" who need dental extraction—glad tidings. Don't hesitate to come in. "Rock-a-bye baby" Dozler will tenderly and with a practiced fatherly sob, hold your baby, croon, pat it discreetly where it'll do the most good, while Anza's self-dubbed "hero" Capt. Birnbaum says, "This won't hurt you a bit." And strange to say—it won't. And that's a mouthful of dental news. Lt. "Daisy" Prescott's done it again. Junior has a knack for getting himself into print. Poor Junior was hungry during mess—so, he let out a loud plaintive "Daisy . . . Daisy"—and Daisy came trotting down with another platter. The pathetic, pleading intonation will land Daisy Prescott an actor's role in "Anything Can Happen at Anza"—the all star musical studded super duper original Anza talent show, which'll start going into rehearsal next week. . . . If you look closely you'll find free plugs for the show all over Zip in the coming weeks. . . . Back to Daisy—All that milk he's been drinking settled in his pitching muscles. Throwing a blazing, tantalizing soft ball at the Medical Det. N.C.O.'s (whose agility isn't as great as when they were ordinary privates) he shut them out 14 to 0. And the marvel of it is that the Medical Department Officers didn't have a single M.C. Officer on their team. But, "Anything Can Happen at Anza." Even the lyrical masterpiece, "The Dilemma of the Medical Corps," which you'll find in another column. Your correspondent disclaims "authorship." And so another Anza mystery remains unsolved. Who wrote "The Dilemma of the Medical Corps"? . . . Thanks for reading—the poem and the column.

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel, M. C.

* * *

Ordnance SCENES AND QUOTES taken from the 13 mile hike of the "flaming bomb boys."

First Scene—About one mile out.

T/Sgt. Bigelow: "Hup, Hup, Hup." . . .

S/Sgt. Walck: (spit) "Boy, this is great." (spit)

Sgt. Parris: "Hike? Why at home in Galion I ran farther than this to get to a latrine."

Cpl. Nugent: "Back in Aberdeen we . . ."

Pvt. Phillips, Pvt. Liotta, Pvt. Bukowski: "Aw, dummy up about Aberdeen."

Bigelow: "Hup, Hup."

Second Scene—About eight miles out.

Lt. Hyder: "Let's cut the cadence down, hey fellows."

Pvt. Harris: "C'mon, rookies, step lively."

Pfc. Wilgus: "Wait till I tell my wife I hiked 83 miles."

Bigelow: "Hup, Hup. Fall out for a two minute break."

Third Scene—About the 13th (000) mile.

Walck: (spit) "Whooo, me poor blisters."

Cpl. Lees: "Now I'll be in shape to get married, ow!"

Pvt. Yasosky: "Who put the rocks in my pack."

Pfc. Potter: "Too bad Beverly wasn't with us."

Pvt. Thornton: "Shor wish ah were back in Florida."

Bigelow: (weakly) "Hup. Halt. Fall out. Let's pick up Augustin."

Nugent: "When's the next one? Basil, drop that stick!"

Then followed a strange procession back to the barracks, and during the noon hour there was a lack of noise and yelling usually emanating from the Ordnance "home."

P.S.: Dispensary "B" was unusually busy the next A. M.

P.S.: Oh, yes, T/3 Kelsey missed the hike. Guess why. You're right.

—by S/Sgt. Lloyd S. Klaskin

(Cont. on Page 4)

Thru the Keyhole

Arthur Todd out of the hospital with a new "bob" . . . he's pretty now. . . . Lt. Minard strutting around "cocky like" after bowling 150 average in 3 lines. . . . A certain T/Sgt. returning to camp with a ripped seam in the seat of his trousers. . . . The post at "retreat," strains of the Star Spangled Banner filter everywhere, cars stopping, men stiffly saluting . . . truly a thrill, and a moment when pride in our flag is felt in our hearts . . . the beautiful sunset viewed from the Service Club, diners rushing to the windows . . . those unaware excitedly asking, "what happened." . . . Last week's two outstanding movies at the Theatre, "Flesh & Fantasy" and "Princess O'Rourke." . . . Lts. Forbes and Easton clowning, their repartee funnier than Abbott & Costello. . . . Later in the week the same 2 gentlemen in a pie eating contest, Lt. Easton an easy winner. . . . Pistol Packin' Mama has nothing on Lt. Head. He now lugs a six-shooter around for the MP's. . . . Captain Butler bragging about his good looking office staff. . . . Lorene Porter actually won a game. . . . Ruth Brandstetter a new girl of the Fiscal Branch. . . . Helen Shobe out of the office with the whooping cough. . . . Pretty Boy Lt. Midulla and his "No, I haven't any." . . . What happened to Lt. Woodard's laundry business? . . . Major Smith busy at the new laundry. . . . "Sleepy" Shobe really selling bonds. . . . How about a house warming, Edith and Ed Malana? . . . Famous last words, "You're wife and family are waiting at the gate." . . . Lt. Brock always on the beam. . . . W. O. O'Mara on a diet. . . . Captain Wright's only folly is owning a Ford. . . . Are you trying to buy a car or sell one Nona Pilcher? . . . School bells for Captain Bell will soon be ringing. . . . Lt. Feld poked his eyes out 'cause he had a blind date. . . . Colonel Sarles just checking up on his harem. . . . Too many people and too little coffee, says Lt. Bussio.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

ASTC Scores Again With Outdoor Show

(Cont. from Page 1)

Pattie Moore; Virginia Dolf, and many others.

Cully Richards and Desi Arnaz were their capable selves, and a new addition to ASTC's entertainment staff, Eddie Beal, well known boogie woogie recording artist, was a sock hit with his hot piano arrangements.

—BUY WAR BONDS—

Civilians! Read This

The War Bond section of Civilian Personnel is making a determined drive for 100 per cent participation and 10 per cent salary reservations. Individual calls will be made by War Bond representatives.

Reader's Column . . .

THE DILEMMA OF THE MEDICAL CORPS

Listen my friends and I'll tell you the lore

About the dilemma of the Medical Corps:

We've planned, toiled, and served, for over a year,

Along with the T.C., Q.M., and Engineer;

Their efforts, via-SO, have been reckoned by Ulio,

But as for us, we've been missed—why, I dunno.

This is the coincidence, as I've told you before,

Which is the dilemma of the Medical Corps.

We are the Lieutenants in the Medical Corps—

We left fine practices with money galore!

We've poured medicines and handed out pills,

We've patched broken bones, and cured many ills;

Stayed by late on Saturday nights To bind the wounds incident to fights.

All this we've done, and much, much more,

But we're still "Lieus" in the Medical Corps!

We are the Captains in the Medical Corps—

Experienced, mature, and mel- lowed to the core.

We've inspected, injected, and re- fracted,

Being careful that no one was neglected.

We've prescribed tonics from Rye to "G.I."

For you old chronics unwilling to die.

All this we've done and much, much more,

But we're still Captains in the Medical Corps!

To complete our story we must proceed,

To mention the Major and Colonel, indeed.

In spite of rank or pedigree, They're no more fortunate than we.

Now at the close, we make this plea—

Although we're M.C. and not T.C.—

Consider our predicament, you powers that soar,

And end the dilemma of the Medical Corps.

—Anonymous.

FREE SPEECH

Free speech is the life-blood of the Republic of the United States. From the Bill of Rights to the Four Freedoms, it has been a symbol of democracy, so completely accepted as a right that we came to take it for granted.

We could not fully realize the existence of the totalitarian re-

gimes because we could not sense a nation without the right to "speak out." Dictators always gag the people and stifle the opposition just as quickly as possible. Without free speech no man knows the ambitions or ideals motivating his neighbor and fear keeps him quiescent under the tyrant's sway. The abolition of free speech precedes by just a moment the enslavement of man.

But how may we preserve free speech?

If speech is free, if free speech is to be desired enough to fight for it, if its loss is one of the greatest a nation can suffer, we should cherish it and use it wisely—for free speech is a responsibility as well as a right. Free speech must be true speech. Free speech means the right to disagree and to state the reason for dissent, without recourse to slanderous abuse. All fair-minded men must frown upon demagogic shrieks of hatred.

While we fight to protect freedom of speech we should not employ that freedom in the tactics of the enemy, destroying unity by sniping at each other. No one group, whether it be of class, employment, state or section, of race, national origin or of religion, should carry free speech to extremes. If one side does it, the other side is not justified in following suit. Free speech should not mean mud-slinging.

Liberty must never degenerate into license; freedom of assembly must never end in mob rule; and free speech must never lower itself to vituperative slander of those with whom we are not in accord or against any group of

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Thanks awfully for helping me. Isn't there some way I can repay you?"

our population. If we so misuse free speech, we sink to the depths of depravity of the Nazis who are trying to wipe out a religion, as of the Jews—or a nation, as of the Poles whom the latest decree refused to recognize as "human beings" or as "fellow Christians."

Free speech can only be exercised by a free people—free to study the facts, weigh the source and state their own position clearly and calmly. They must be ready to listen as well as to speak, open minded to arguments but not willing to compromise with intolerance.

—Asher F. Seale.

News from Here And There

Fairbanks, Alaska—A gasoline-distribution pipeline that stretches 1000 miles from Skagway in south-eastern Alaska to Fairbanks, supplying American airbases in Canada and Alaska, is now in operation. The line was built by Army Engineers last year.

London—Approximately 4,000,000 Germans have been killed so far in this war according to Lord Selborne, Minister of Economic Warfare.

Albany, N. Y.—The state birth rate for September was 18.2 per 1000 population, the highest in 14 years. It's becoming popular again.

Salysville, Ky.—Federal revenue agents claim three of every four persons arrested as moonshiners during wartime are women.

Lincoln, Neb. — Pvt. George Suecht gave a reason for an emergency furlough that was a corner. He explained his mother, an Army Nurse, was sailing for overseas duty. He got the furlough.

Great Falls, Mont.—When Mrs. J. E. Grady came home the other night she found 60 points in red ration coupons on the kitchen table. Puzzled, she looked in the icebox and discovered that three thick steaks had been swiped.

Los Angeles—Mrs. Anetta Russell paid for an automobile which was never delivered. On her birthday the salesman sent her a card. "Happy birthday," it read. "I'm going to San Diego."

—by CNS

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 3)

Svce. Det. MORAL BUILDER: Too much praise can not be given to Chaplain Havens for his sincere interest in our religious program. His visual education methods were very simple to understand last Wednesday during the Bible class period. Get in line and enjoy the good fellowship that we are going to have in our new chapel. It is the strongest pillar in the structure of our common life as a soldier for our country and our God. . . . "Big Train" Sgt. John Moody really proving that he is the "bone crusher" we knew him to be in L. A. last Sunday. It kinda made you think about the good old Saturday afternoons in the "Gate City." . . . The "pity-pat boys" have changed to Tonklovers and they are playing it "tight as scotch." . . . Pvt. Columbus Bell is so close the Indian on his nickels holler: "Squeeze me daddy 'Ace' to the board." . . . The Orange Street USO dances have got something now—don't miss them. . . . Pvt. Willie (Come On) Houston is getting larger each day—even his mouth. Hold it old pal, this is just a friendly tip. . . . Pvt. Skull is a decoy fellows—watch him. He lead a friend into a trap but the husband failed to shoot. However, Skull contends that he was merely a passenger in the famous "Green Car." . . . Just remember that "Green" does not always mean "Go." . . . Nuf sed.

—by Cpl. Guy L. Miller, Jr.